A Song For Lost Blossoms

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15043487.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Domestic, murder honeymoon design, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Vakkrehejm 'verse
Language:	English
Series:	Part 24 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age.
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-25 Words: 448 Chapters: 1/1

A Song For Lost Blossoms

by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

Will and Hannibal have survived the Fall and are living on their island in an archipelago in the chilly Baltic sea. This relates to 'Dreams Are like Water' and 'At Last I am Free', but really is a continuation of the series as a whole. As always, just wanted to say thank you to anyone who reads, especially, I guess, if you have followed the story along. You have kept me going, and we still have a way to go!!!!!!!!!!!! **Hugs**
(And I met my own time/words challenge!)

Pillowed, together, they settle, now.

The greening joy of the garden tumbles in, over the sill, salt-limbed and cusping.

“So; Jiuzhaigou?” Will is all stained glass, all reflected immaculacy from the on-line brochure, before he throws the glowing tablet down on the mattress, scattering broken wafers.

The rising season has spell’d them; they have fucked in bed all day.

“The colours of the lakes in the reserve. It’s like…you know, that guy.” Will twitches off a sock which is too wintry for summer.
“Emil Nolde.”
“Yeah.”
Hannibal hums something out, making a note on the half-composed score balanced on one knee. Will is using the other as an armrest.
“I understood that the purpose of a honeymoon was to remain sequestered in one’s accommodations.”
“Oh no, we’re sightseeing, too,” Will informs him.
“And what of the *safari*?” Hannibal rubs his wedding band along Will’s arm. It awaits the fruit of their marriage, the bones they will bring forth. “Southwestern China is an empty land. Where whispers carry far.”
“Hm.” Will’s eyes harden. They are wolfram. He traces how the ringing metal hungers for completion. “Somewhere chaotic, instead? Where the sun blinds. Where we can take what we goddamn want.”
“‘A place where travellers have acquaintances, but no friends’.”

Will rolls his head. Smells the smears of his own body, on Hannibal’s body, through the slipping sheet. The very muck of them is divine.
He leans further back, sliding his fingers into the hot, sweat-oiled hinge of Hannibal’s knee.

Later, they could bathe, again, in the straits.

“You just want me to quote Seneca back at you. That thing he said,” Will strokes his thumb over the knob of knee-bone while scissoring deeper into the damp tent of tendons. “About voyaging imparting vigour.”

Hannibal moves his hips. “And but an hour ago you were accusing *me* of licentious talk.”
“Accusing is not complaining. Someplace that seethes, then, hot and angry and unconcerned,” Will decides, and bares his throat to memory.
His voice falls. “You tanned so dark, back when we were in the desert.”

After the ocean, it was merely fear, and worship. “My dark, bloody devil.”
Now, it is beyond transcendence, beyond blessed; it is an irreversible, non-dual union.

“I never asked,” Will says slowly, watching as his whole hand disappears into Hannibal, “what you would have done, if it was just you in the desert. If I hadn’t made it out of the

water. If I'd died."

And Hannibal turns Will's head, so that they can kiss, and starts to roll Will's body over, so that they can begin joining together. Again.

"I would have killed them, of course," he says. "I would have killed *everyone*."

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